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2-21-1889

Providence Independent, V. 14, Thursday, February 21, 1889, [Whole Number: 713]

Providence Independent

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Recommended Citation

Independent, Providence, "Providence Independent, V. 14, Thursday, February 21, 1889, [Whole Number: 713]" (1889). *Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898*. 493.
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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 14.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. FEBRUARY 21, 1889.

WHOLE NUMBER, 713

THE PILOT ENGINE.

The Story of a Railroad Adventure.

SAVED BY A NARROW MARGIN.

"Who is standing pilot this evening?" said the superintendent, "boss," as he was called.

"Seth Martin," was the foreman's reply.

"Tell him to come here, will you? and hurry up!"

The foreman hastened away, and both he and Seth Martin must have "spread themselves," as the former said, for in a few minutes the engine-driver stood before his chief.

The great man took a comprehensive look at the engineer, who flinched not a muscle. His clear, steady eyes were as blue as the sky; a handsome brown beard ornamented his face, which, albeit rather dirty, was full of character and determination. To use the popular expression, "he was pure gold down to bed rock."

The superintendent, satisfied with the scrutiny, nodded to the engine-driver, and said:

"There's a specie train up out of Collinsville to-night, Seth."

"I know that," was the cute response.

"And it will require close watchin," continued the chief.

"I s'pose so—I know that," repeated Seth.

"You are mighty knowin' this evening," said the superintendent, smiling, "but there is one thing you don't know sonny. You don't know that you are going to run the pilot to that train."

"Yes, I do," repeated the engine-driver.

"Who in thunder told you, then? I didn't know it myself ten minutes ago!"

"You told me this minute, then I knew it," replied Seth, smiling, and disclosing his white, even teeth. "I'm ready, boss."

"Seth Martin, you ought to be a judge; your talents are thrown away on this line. But listen; we've no time to split straws. There's a very festive gang of desperadoes hanging about up Dartford way. They nearly wrecked the through Pacific last week. Fortunately the passengers were handy with their shootin'-irons, and bullets were rainin' pretty thick, else there would have been something unpleasant."

"Wa'al said the engine-driver, "go ahead."

"Now you must run pilot to the specie train, and see that the line's clear up as far as Dartford City. Ye can shunt at Trestle Bridge siding, and wait to pull the wagons up the Bunker incline through the cuttings. Once safe there you can rattle along, and mind you keep a good look-out."

"You bet!" was Seth's reply. "I'd better take my six shooter, I suppose. We'll have to fight, may be?"

"Most likely," replied the superintendent, coolly. "Keep this quiet. I've got men on the look-out along the line. Who's your mate?"

"English Tom Atkins," was the reply.

"He's grit!"

"All right, then," said the chief. "Now don't drink; keep a full head of steam; bring back the specie safe, and—"

"Wa'al," drawled the other, coolly.

"I'll provide for your family if you are hurt or shot; if not, I'll reward you."

"Is that all, then? Well, good night boss, and thank ye."

"Good luck," was the answer; "I'll not forget you."

Seth Martin turned away with a nod of acknowledgement, and directed his steps to the shed where his engine was "standing pilot." This means that the engine had steam up (or was "in steam") to speak technically, and was ready for any sudden emergency.

The driver was just as well pleased to run a couple of hundred miles on a dark night, even with the chance of being shot, as to have an invitation to the "White House" itself.

"Tom!"

"Hallo!" came back in an unmistakable English voice.

"Fire up a bit; we're bound west; specie pilot; ten o'clock. Keep it quiet."

A man unseen by the driver put up his head to listen.

Seth was a man of action, and so was his mate Tom Atkins. They looked to the engine and their revolvers, put a dozen cartridges in a tin can; filled a similar can with some old

Bourbon whiskey at a saloon close by whither they were followed by the man who had been listening to their conversation, and who noted their preparations.

After communicating with some accomplices, this mysterious individual left the saloon and made his way toward the signal box which stood some distance down the line.

As soon as the engine-driver and his mate were recognized they were warmly welcomed, for they were favorites. Many drinks were tendered for their acceptance, and declined on various pleas, till at length one man declared the Britisher wanted to fix an insult on a free-born citizen. He offered Seth and Tom a glass apiece, saying:

"What's up, mate? Sworn off, eh?"

"For this evening," replied Seth, "But as I'd rather drink than fight just now, I'll take your treat." So the men each took the proffered glass, but scarcely tasted it; and soon afterward Seth, fearing that some inkling of his intended mission might leak out, beckoned to his fireman to follow as soon as possible, and then left the saloon.

He lit a cigar, climbed into the "cab" of his engine (all American locomotives are protected and closed in), and began to smoke.

He smoked in comfort for about a quarter of an hour, then he felt "queer."

"These is stronger cigars than usual," he muttered, and he threw it from him. But the impression on his brain became heavier; he felt very sleepy now.

"I think I'll have a nap; it's only about nine o'clock. I must; there's an hour yet. I wonder where Tom is? It's my opinion Tom will drink too much or—"

His train of thought was suddenly interrupted. All at once it flashed upon him that he himself had been "drugged" in the saloon!

"That's it; what a thundering idiot I am!" He essayed to rise, but felt quite bewildered. He made hopeless attempts to stand upright, but could do nothing. He was as useless as a child; but, worse than all, he was conscious of his inability to do his duty.

His head was spinning round, his feet were as heavy as leaden weights. He opened the sliding door, but ere he could descend a blow from behind sent him flying into space—a splash, and down he sank into a large pond containing a quantity of surplus water from the locomotive tanks.

At the same moment three men climbed up on the engine, and, with a low, but hearty chuckle, started it from the siding.

"I think we did that neat," said the shortest of the party, "I didn't listen to the boss for nothin' this time. The specie train will run after all, you see. Oh! they couldn't catch me tripping. No sir!"

"The Savage will do the bridge, I suppose," said another: "He's to work on the up lines, isn't he?"

"Aye only on that side. Ye did, that Britisher pretty, I must say. He and Seth was kinder cautious, too."

"I mixed it strong," said the other, with a savage laugh. Did you settle the signals, Abe?"

"Aye; I telegraphed ourselves on special, and then cut the wires and smashed the instruments. We're clear now to Dartford City. What's that?" he added hastily, as the engine lurched for a second and lifted.

"Only the points. We're out now. We can run easy, I s'pose. She won't burst, I hope. Here goes."

The speaker, who knows little about engine-driving, turned on the steam, and away they went. He turned his head for a moment. "There's something moving yonder; they've found Seth, likely."

But this portion of the gang of desperadoes had met their match in English Tom Atkins. For a moment or two he had been overcome by the drugged whiskey, but a simple and very effective remedy cured him at the cost of a few moments' sickness. Creeping along the ground, for he could not walk, he conceived the idea of following these men, so he held the points open had sent the "bravos" away into the night on the up line. He proposed to give the alarm and follow (on the down metals) with a superior force. He proposed to give the alarm and follow (on the down metals) with a superior force.

But fate was drawing the fugitives to destruction. The up line was cut off at the bridge.

"Lend a hand, mate, I'm drownin'!" This is what Tom heard as he crawled rather than walked across the metals to seek assistance.

"Seth—Seth Martin! what's happened to you?"

"Them varmints tossed me in here when I was half stupid, but the water has done me good. Help me out, Tom, and we'll fix them yet."

Tom, who was rapidly recovering, lent all the assistance he could, and then the dripping driver, quickly wringing the water from his clothes, said, when his mate had told him what he had done:

"Don't breathe a syllable to mortal man. I know Bob Franklin's engine is in steam by now for the cross traffic. We'll fire her up and run them down. We may save the specie yet. Hurry down to the signal-box while I get out the engine."

Tom hastened away as desired, but soon came back with the intelligence that the box was empty and the wire cut.

"We daren't say a word now," said Seth. "What fools we were to take them drinks! Now, Tom, shove in some wood while I oil the cranks. I'll leave word for the foreman; we must trust him."

All these preparations were made almost as quickly as they are here described. In ten minutes the engine was ready, and as noiselessly as possible the great locomotive was brought out of the shed, but tender first.

"Never mind," said Seth, when Tom objected. "We can run about as quick. Now, are you ready?"

The foreman came up at that moment.

"If you do succeed" he said, "your fortunes are made. If you fail I would not answer for your lives. Take my revolver," he added, "and be off."

Seth thanked him, adding gloomily, "If we fail, we'll never come back alive. For us to be hounded with 'Bourbon' is disgrace enough."

A whistle! The foreman opened the points and the engine sped away on the down line in full pursuit of the desperadoes, to save the specie train if possible.

"We've no head-lamp!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly.

"So much the better. We don't want to advertise ourselves to-night. There's a flash of something; guess we'll have a storm."

The remark was not uncalled for. The gleam of lightning every now and then appeared to rest upon the steel handles and glint along the rails. There was a moaning sound in the air, a feeling of oppression, while occasionally a heavy plash of rain would drop upon the roof of the "cab" in which the men journeyed.

They absolutely flew along the track. Over the apparently boundless prairie the lines were laid. Not a station for miles. A few watering places at intervals alone broke the level character of the prospect when the fitful lightning lit up the surroundings. Pitch-dark overhead except when the flames came; and the only light below, the rapid moving glare of the furnace-fire on the "road."

"It's past eleven," said the driver. "We ought to have pulled them up. We've run this thirty miles in the half hour. There's Buffalo Creek," he added as they skimmed past.

"Well then, Dartford is only another thirty, and the trestle siding on the top of the cutting is only twenty-five."

"We must pass them at the curve below. Hello! look out, mind that hand-lamp!"

Tom turned the slide, and looked ahead. Seth shut off steam.

"There they are! Lucky we are running tender foremost, or they would have seen our fire. We'll wait on them gently till they get on to the Trestle curve. Then we'll 'wire in' and drop them. Steady, mate!"

The engine came silently to a standstill. The gentle hiss of the steam, which was just rising the valves, was the only audible sound. Broad flashes of sheet lightning lit up the heavy masses of cloud, but no thunder followed. Seth looked to his revolver. Tom fed the fire, and they waited; it was their only chance—a surprise.

For quite twenty minutes the men waited; the engine in front had long ago disappeared. At last Seth said; "Now, Tom, is our time, I'll run them a race down to Dartford City, and if I get there first, there'll be scalps to sell to-morrow. We'll round that curve before they see us, and come in all flying. Are you ready?"

Tom signified his consent, and away darted the ponderous engine across the boundless prairie at top speed. On,

on, never mind the rough track; it's death if you leave it, it's death most likely if you remain. There is one chance, and only one—if you reach Dartford City and give the alarm!

"Press on, Seth; it's nigh midnight." So whispered Tom as the engine swung round the sharp curve. There, seemingly motionless, was the other engine. Faster and faster rattled the pursuer. They were seen at last. The men were visible through the glass for an instant.

"Lie down!" roared Seth.

Only just in time; two bullets came crashing over head; another hit the handle of the steam-whistle and sent out a scream of defiance into the night. Seth rose slowly and pistol in hand, watched the foe.

"He's going to race us, but he don't know the trick of firin' No. 200. Tom, we'll pass him and then—!"

Seth's face, as he spoke and clutched his revolver, was sufficient to explain his meaning without words.

On, on, speeding across the prairie! Now Seth was gaining, now the others shot ahead. "More wood in the furnace; pile it in, Tom," cried Seth—"that's it—now—"

A bullet from Seth's steady hand passed through the glass of the other engine, and shattered the driving-arm of the man who held the regulators.

"Bully!" exclaimed the delighted Seth. "Now for another log." The fire was blown up, and like an arrow the engine flew along; but no more shots were exchanged, for as they were running neck and neck for one instant, Seth perceived a light on the line ahead and before his companion was aware of his intentions, shut off the steam. The other engine fled away in the darkness, leaving Seth and Tom far behind.

"What did you shut off for?" cried Tom in amazement.

"Look ahead and you'll know," was the grim reply.

Tom looked ahead. A weird light was playing on the track, a halo of unearthly appearance. It shimmered and moved about like the will-o-the-wisp. It was a most ghastly white mist—a ghostly warning.

"What can it be?" said Tom, his superstitious terrors being now excited. "What is it?"

"It's a light, that's all, said Seth with a fiendish grin. "I know it though; I've seen it before. There's somebody underneath the rails in the bridge, and you bet they're cutting the track for the specie train!"

"Gracious heaven, and the engine!"

"That engine will be in the river in two minutes," said Seth Martin.

"Oh! hurry up and save them if we can," exclaimed Tom.

"Gently, mate, gently; let him go on a bit." He turned on steam, but ere they had passed half the distance in the direction of the light a loud crash was heard, and amid screams of human agony the Trestle Bridge sank down—down—gently, slowly, but surely, to the stream below. The ponderous engine dipped forward, gave one heavy roll, righted again, and then turning completely over, fell with a thundering noise into the canyon below.

The lights were suddenly extinguished, and the piercing screams of wounded and scalded men rose, mingled with the hissing steam and the dull roar of thunder. The storm had burst.

"Caught in their own trap," said Seth. "Serve them right! Poor critters, I'm kinder sorry too."

"Let us help them," cried Tom.

"Help! yes; let us run to Dartford and stop the traffic. The specie is due ten minutes."

"Cross that bridge?" exclaimed the fireman.

"Yes, sir, across that bridge. I'm going to try it," replied Seth. "Will you chance it?"

"Yes," was the answer; "it's kill or cure."

"Here goes then; shake hands. God bless ye, mate; if we don't meet again, tell them I died at my post like a man."

The driver and fireman clasped hands in silence, and Seth turning on the full pressure of steam, the engine gathered itself up for the final race.

Not a sound escaped either man. Side by side they stood. As they approached they could see a red glare. The bridge had caught fire. As they shot past, a form or two hurried quickly out of sight—some of the desperate band, now cowed and crushed. In a moment more the bridge was in full view. The crackling timbers of the up line were all burning around the mighty

monster engine, which still emitted smoke and flame. As a flash of lightning will in one brief moment reveal all surrounding objects distinctly, so the glare of the engine furnace lit up the scene below. The engine dashed along—a roar, a creaking noise, the flame leaped up beneath—and the danger was over. The down line had not been undermined.

As they slackened speed a long deep whistle was heard, and a dim speck was seen like a pin's head on the line in front.

"There's the specie, Tom. We've done our duty. Run down easy, and then see if we can't help the unfortunate loafers under the bridge. It was a narrow squeak!"

It was indeed! The specie train was saved, though, and the filibusters taken in the act. Three were drowned, and two more so terribly injured that they died soon after from the effects. Seth and Tom were rewarded; and the former was subsequently made inspector; but he and Tom often talk of that summer night when they were so nearly killed while running pilot.

Imaginary Disease.

The writer called on a number of prominent physicians and asked them if, among their patients, they had many who imagined they had diseases which they did not have. Some very interesting information was obtained. The doctors said it was found to be a very common trouble, and that the chief diseases these people imagine they have are cancer, heart disease and Bright's disease. In the language of the profession, the complaint is known as hypochondriasis.

It was found that the disease is often epidemic. At the time of General Grant's sickness and death from cancer of the throat, and during the illness of the late Kaiser Friedrich, hundreds of people with nothing serious at all—the matter with them called upon Dr. Shady, who attended General Grant, and told him they had cancer of the throat coming on and wished to be treated for it.

One celebrated physician, who made a special study of the disease, said that it was worthy of note that in all these cases the patient reasons correctly—that is, he draws just inferences from the error. Thus the Prince of Bourbon, when he supposed himself to be a plant, reasoned justly when he insisted upon being watered with the rest of the plants every day. In like manner the hypochondriac who supposes himself to be dead reasons with the same correctness when he stretches his body and limbs on the bed or a board and assumes the stillness and silence of a dead man.

The following is from the records of one of the New York hospital's house surgeons:

"It was on July 6th that a man of small stature, who was found afterwards to be a shoemaker by trade, who was apparently about 40 years of age, escaped from his home and was running at large in the streets of the city, lacerating his flesh and beating his head against the sides of 'houses. A number of citizens managed to capture him, and they brought him to the hospital, followed by a big crowd. With his arms tied behind him, and in the greatest agony, his face bruised and swollen, his lips torn to pieces and streaming with blood, he was ushered into the hospital by those who had him in charge. I met them at the door and inquired into the case. The man was eager to tell his own story, but with difficulty collected words to convey it. His language was copious, but his agitation so great that he could hardly utter a sentence, being interrupted by constant efforts to tear his lips to pieces. Those with him knew nothing except that they had prevented him from beating out his own brains. At length he conveyed the information where his distress was, and upon which his mind was deluded. In his upper lip he said there was a worm gnawing his flesh and penetrating into his body, and unless he could tear it out the worm would soon be beyond reach and inevitably destroy him. This was the cause of his misery. He was assured of the possibility of relief, and with a smiling countenance I patted him on the shoulder and bade him no longer to be uneasy, for I would cut out the worm. His eyes sparkled, and in an instant he replied, 'Will you? Do it then. Do it, quick, for God's sake.'"

"He was urged not to despair, for I was now ready to remove the insect

preying upon his flesh. Accordingly, he went to the cells of the maniacs. When being seated he fixed himself for the operation. I paraded six lancets on the table before him. By making a display of this and other preparations and sending for assistance he became composed, waiting with patience the result. In the meantime I had sent in search of the worm. The person sent, being unsuccessful, stayed too long and I hurried out the door and picked from the ground one of the large worms or caterpillars which infested the poplar trees at that time and had fallen from the trees by the door. One end of the insect had been trodden upon, and it was nearly dead. This I got, and on returning found my patient's uneasiness increased. But upon seeing me take the instruments he fixed himself in the chair and requested my assistants, the apothecary and the orderly man, to hold his hands lest he should start while under pain of the cutting instrument.

"With a lancet the operation was begun. I pricked his lip with it, which made him flinch a little. He accordingly leaned back his head firmly against the persons who stood behind him, and shut his eyes tightly and thus fixed he bore the repeated pricks of the instrument with steadiness and fortitude. After pinching his lip with one hand and wounding it with the other, I cut off a portion of the upper lip which he had torn with his nails and which was pendulous. I now assured him that the operation was nearly completed, for the head of the worm could be seen. The bystanders cried out: 'There it is! there it is!' He raised eyes to see, but was cautioned to be still for one minute longer, at which he again shut his eyes. I then gave him a severe pinch, drew the edge of the lancet across the lacerated lip, and exclaiming, 'I've got him,' opened my hand and exposed the great worm."

"The man rose to his feet and gazed at the worm with astonishment beyond utterance. At length he spoke and requested me to preserve it, for, he observed with tranquility, his friends had said he was crazy, but this would be an evidence to the contrary."

"The result of this deceptive operation was a perfect cure, and this remarkable change was effected in less than fifteen minutes after the patient entered the hospital."

The best doctors say that the causes of the disease lie in conditions usually obscure, which lower the tone of the general health or depress the vitality of the brain, either by physical wear or mental worry. Disappointment, bad habits, want of proper mental occupation, often cause the trouble. The treatment consists in measures to improve the general health, especially a full diet, carefully selected; hydrotherapeutics, massage, gymnastics, horseback riding, walking, rowing, abundant and agreeable exercise in the open air, and the management of the patient's surroundings so as to lighten the mind and relieve from worry, perhaps by travel or sea voyage.

Argument is commonly worse than useless, but there should be a decided impression given that the generally morbid state is due to ill health. The risk of suicide is so small that restriction of liberty directed to its prevention does more harm than good.—*Boston Globe.*

A New Orleans Court in 1823.

On a certain occasion there was great excitement in the city. Two eminent citizens had quarrelled about a hog. It was a question of the identity of the animal, and impossible to doubt their good faith. They became irritated and more obstinate in proportion to the prolongation of their dispute. At last it was evident that there would be no yielding on either side; and they went to law. Moreau Lislet was retained for plaintiff, and Mazureau for defendant—two of the magnates of the bar—and fees were paid them immensely larger than the value of the hog. On the day of trial the court-room was crowded to suffocation, for much fun was expected. It was, of course, a jury case. Moreau Lislet read the petition in which the hog was minutely described and asserted to be a blooded one, worth five hundred dollars. The answer was a general denial, putting plaintiff on full proof of what he alleged. It seems there was but one witness to identify the hog. That witness was sworn, and confirmed the description in the petition. He was a farmer of

the parish of St. Bernard, about sixty years old, of ponderous frame. He evidently was very little accustomed to the position he had been called to. His whole face was expressive of primitive innocence. After this witness had concluded his testimony in favor of the plaintiff, Moreau Lislet said, "The witness is yours, Mr. Mazureau."

Mazureau fixed on the witness his dark, imperious eyes, and said, with affected emphasis and in his most effective dramatic style: "Sir, remember that you are here on oath to testify in a case of the utmost importance, although it may appear trifling to your simple understanding. It is not merely a hog question; it is a question of honor—whether one of our most respected fellow-citizens unjustly, unlawfully, and fraudulently retains in his possession property that belongs to another. I put you on your guard for your own sake. You may be indicted for perjury if the slightest wilful inaccuracy in your evidence shows that you do not speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Besides, you may be sued for damages in consequence of the injury you may do to the defendant's reputation."

"Now," continued Mazureau, "I compliment you, sir, on your minute description of the plaintiff's hog, which is missing from his pen. I will not cross-examine you on the subject. I am full of admiration for your memory, and I want you to be equally particular about defendant's hog. It won't do to say in general terms that they are exactly alike." At this point the implacable tormentor began to puncture and scarify the witness, much to the merriment of the bystanders. "What do you know of hogs? Whence your extraordinary faculty to discriminate among them, and so vividly to remember their respective physiognomies? How long have you lived with them? What opportunity had you to examine the defendant's hog and the peculiarity of its formation? Have you measured its ears, its tail, its nose, the length and height of its body? I want to know whether in all these details the defendant's hog is exactly like the plaintiff's missing one."

All these questions and many others had been successively put to the witness, who had been driven almost to the verge of desperation. At last, being made conscious by the incessant bursts of laughter from the audience that he was an object of ridicule, he exhibited symptoms of marked irritation. It exploded when Mazureau said to him: "Well, sir, all these details are very confused and unreliable. Give us the *tout ensemble* of the hog. Group all these details together, and tell us how the entire hog exactly looked."

The witness measured Mazureau from head to foot slowly and deliberately, and said, "You want a facsimile of defendant's hog?"

"Yes, sir."

"You want the court, the jury, and the whole audience to know how the animal looks, altogether from its nose to its tail, and from its tail to its feet?"

"Yes, sir, you fully comprehend my meaning and desire."

"Well, sir; that hog looks exactly like you, and both you and the hog could not be more alike if you were twins."

There was a roar of laughter in the audience, but this time at the expense of Mazureau. The judge himself, the jurors, the members of the bar, and all other persons present were convulsed with laughter.

Mazureau calmly waited for the restoration of order. Then he blandly said to the witness: "If I understand you correctly, the most accurate description you can give this court and jury of defendant's hog is his being so like me that you could not tell one from the other?"

"Yes, sir," doggedly answered the witness, who was much encouraged by the effect he had produced on the audience.

"I thank you, sir, for the precision of your language. I have no more questions to ask; and the witness withdrew from the stand."

By this time Moreau Lislet had become serious. He knew Mazureau's temper, whose unnatural calm portended nothing good.

"Mr. Moreau Lislet," said Mazureau, with the kindest intonation, "will you do me the favor to hand me your petition?"

After having read it loudly and distinctly, so as to be heard by everybody present, he said: "May it please the court, gentlemen of the jury, it is plain that the plaintiff has failed to make out his case. You have heard me read from his petition the most minute description of his missing hog, and his own witness has just given you what he thinks the best and most faithful representation or portraiture of the one alleged to be in defendant's possession. Well, it is unquestionable that there is no point of resemblance between the two animals, one of which you see now standing before you in my person. I rest my case here. The plaintiff must be put out of court on the evidence which he has himself adduced."

Moreau Lislet looked blank, and was no longer inclined to laugh, and well he might, for there was an instantaneous verdict against his adversary. Mazureau walked up to his defeated adversary, and opening his gold snuff-box, offered him a pinch, saying: "Moreau, what do you think of the old dictum, 'He laughs best who laughs last'?"

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, February 21, 1889.

The local statesmen having accomplished their task, and the good-governed voters having cast their ballots, the country generally will take a vacation as regards politics, for another season.

REVOLUTIONS, either slow and quiet, or quick and violent, seem to be about as sure to occur as the visits of death and the tax-collector. Sometimes the revolutions pertain to local politics.

If present indications count for anything there will soon be four more stars to shine in the Constitution of the Union—North and South Dakota, Washington and Montana.

QUITE recently Hon. Thos. J. Stewart Secretary of the Interior, was selected for Department Commander of the Grany Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania. And thus another Montgomery county man is having additional honors heaped upon him. We congratulate Mr. Stewart.

A DISPATCH from Berlin reads: "It is stated that the government is willing to effect a settlement of the Samoan question upon the basis of the United States Government's proposal at the Washington conference, namely, the establishment of a joint American, German and English control over the Samoan Government through the Consuls of the three countries at Apia.

INSTEAD of increasing the number of our holidays the Legislature might with much more propriety decrease them. To multiply holidays is to strip the chief red letter days in the history of mankind of their color and prominence. The 4th of July and Christmas are sufficient. Most people prefer to take a holiday when circumstances best suit them to do so, without any assistance on the part of the Legislature.

IN the make-up of the various cabinets, in anticipating the Harrison Cabinet to be, ex-Secretary Windom is to be Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Windom held the same position under Garfield, and during his brief career as Secretary won a fair degree of credit for proficiency. Some of the politicians say Windom's selection was made at the request of Mr. Blaine. Mr. Blaine is in the habit of asking favors and receiving them, too—excepting the Presidency, of course. As Secretary of State he may get right close to that.

A MEETING of the newspaper editors and publishers of Pennsylvania is to be held in the rooms of the Board of Trade, Harrisburg, on Tuesday, February 26th, at 1 p. m., to consider the libel act now pending in the Legislature, known as the Fow bill. The presentation of this proposed act is the outcome of resolutions adopted at the last session of the Penna. Editorial Association, at which a committee was appointed with instructions to urge the passage of a joint and equitable libel law. The act pending is generally admitted to be a very good measure, and should become a law.

IN an article relating to the question whether hotel keepers will be allowed to continue business until the expiration of their licenses in the event of the passage of the Prohibition amendment, the Philadelphia Times says:—

"It is always best to deal frankly with the people when great public issues are to be decided; and it is now no time to present subtle arguments against Prohibition prohibiting when the supreme law shall come in conflict with statutory and always repealable law. If Prohibition shall be adopted in June, the extra session of the Legislature that must speedily follow to prevent confusion and anarchy, must meet the grave questions of making restitution for property impaired or destroyed and of refunding the licenses; and it is reasonable to assume that the Legislature will dispose of both those issues without invoking the power of the courts. Until the Legislature shall meet, in the event of the adoption of Prohibition, there would be no generally accepted law on the subject of the sale of liquors. Each would construe the law as interest demanded, and only legislation could restore the supremacy of law on the license and liquor questions. It is unsafe, therefore, to take anything for granted but actual Prohibition by the people, until the Legislature shall act, and especially should citizens eliminate all strained constructions of the fundamental law from their consideration of the wisdom of accepting or rejecting Prohibition in Pennsylvania."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11th, 1889.—The House of Representatives was crowded

with a buzzing, bustling, curious throng on Wednesday, to see Congress count the electoral votes. It was one o'clock when the Senate entered the House, past the ladies who had been for once admitted to the floor, and Senator Ingalls took his seat beside Speaker Carlisle. Mr. Ingalls dived into the box containing the certificates, and after a jumble of words, solemnly broke the seals of the returns from Alabama. Nothing wonderful ensued but it took over ten minutes to read the report, which Senator Manderson delivered. So on it went, Senator Harris reading the report from Arkansas next. Occasionally amusement was had, as when Senator Harris by a slip of the tongue announced the vote of Indiana for Cleveland, but taken as a whole the proceeding was about as uneventful as could be. Still the curious listened with little sign of being bored and, indeed, almost in a spirit of wise awe, as partaking of a very dignified and judicial feast of reason.

Senator Ingalls treated the matter with his usual disregard for the theatrical. He opened the certificates with the sort of knife they used to call a big barlow when I was a boy and he left it sticking in the top of the desk when he had occasion once or twice to consult the law with Speaker Carlisle, which it being the first count under the new law was occasionally necessary.

On the grave of the proposed tariff legislation of the present session, the Government printer has gently laid his tribute of respect. The document is the copy of Secretary Fairchild's letter to the Ways and Means Committee, including the tables of figures. It looks like a tax list and the letter press has the same thrilling, absorbing interest that attaches itself to a patent office report. A clerk with an indestructible voice might be able to read it in the House in ten days. In other words the entire records of the custom service have been emptied on the defenceless House.

The Senate after vigorous opposition is debating the resolution upon the Committee on Privileges and Elections providing for the further protection of the elective franchise in Congressional elections. Senator Harris and others offered to vote on the bill on Tuesday without debate, but this offer was rejected. The Democratic Senators opposed the debate on the ground that it would merely awaken sectional bitterness. Of course the vexed instance that the Republicans expect to make the most capital of is the murder of John M. Clayton in Arkansas. That this was a political murder no one doubts and while no party is to be held responsible for the action of a few misguided and obscure members, it has deeply affected the good name of the State and ruined the reputation of Representative Beckinridge, the late Mr. Clayton's opponent for Congress.

The House will to-morrow receive Mr. Springer's report of the bill he introduced last month, to enable the Territories of Arizona, Idaho Wyoming to qualify for statehood. Mr. Springer says that if the bill fails of passage during this session, the awful guilt lies upon the souls of the Republican majority in the Senate. It is not proposed by the bill to admit the three new States so promptly as the five States proposed in the Omnibus bill which passed the House, but it provides that they can be in the Union in time to vote in the Presidential election of 1892. The passage of all of Mr. Springer's proposed measures would add eight stars to flag, and make sixteen more Senators and ten more Representatives. It would leave only three territories, unless the Oklahoma bill passes, Utah, Indian Territory and Alaska. It is expected that Mr. Springer will next turn his eagle eye on Alaska. The delegates from the territories interested are particularly enthusiastic. The population of Wyoming is estimated by Delegate Carey at 120,000; that of Arizona by Delegate Smith at 83,000; that of Idaho by Delegate Dubois at 130,000. The idea of giving 83,000 people two Senators would seem a trifle absurd, but Mr. Springer says that their interests demand it and Mr. Springer is a politician and ought to know.

The new method of counting the votes of Presidential electors cost only a little over \$1500 for printing, making certificate copies of the certificates of the Electoral Colleges, and sending a messenger to hunt up the missing vote of Florida.

Mr. Wansmaker has purchased the house which has been occupied by Secretary Whitney during the present administration.

KILLED IN THEIR BEDS.

THIRTY FIVE HOTEL GUESTS BURIED UNDER FALLING WALLS AT HARTFORD.

HARTFORD, February 18.—A few minutes before 5 o'clock this morning the entire city was shaken by a tremendous explosion, soon followed by an alarm of fire. The Park Central Hotel, a five-story brick building with stone trimmings, on the corner of High and Allen streets, had practically disappeared and in its place was a huge pile of masonry, timbers and debris from which issued steam and smoke. A portion of the tier of rooms at the rear of the main building remained standing but the partitions had been torn away and the rooms were opened to the air and the floors of many of them partly giving away and tumbling out the occupants and furniture upon the confused heap below. A few shrieks and moans

were heard and then all was silent. And yet within that mass of debris were imprisoned probably fifty human beings, some of them alive, but many undoubtedly killed instantly. The flames which had begun to show themselves in the ruins were quickly subdued. The first person rescued was George Gaines, the colored porter. He was badly injured and died soon after being taken out. At seven o'clock Superintendent Lawrence, of the Street Department, appeared with a large gang of laborers and the search was prosecuted with increased activity. Helen Leport, of New Britain, and Jennie Decker of Unionville, were soon rescued comparatively uninjured and sent to the hospital. Jacob B. Turpin, a colored barber, was also taken out early in the morning. Rachel Cramer jumped from a window, breaking her leg.

The cause of the disaster was undoubtedly the explosion of the boiler in the basement. This boiler, of sixteen-horse power, was built by The Perkins, of this city, in 1882. It was not insured by the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company, but was inspected by an officer of that company last August, and was then pronounced all right. No engineer was on duty at the time of the explosion, the custom being for the night engineer to bank his fires at midnight and go to bed. This engineer, Alexander Thuer, was arrested this afternoon on an indictment charging manslaughter and was locked up at the police station. The force of the explosion was terrific. People in all parts of the city were awakened by the shock. Huge stones were shattered and iron pipes bent and twisted. Windows in adjoining buildings and across the street were demolished, and panes of glass two blocks away were broken. At the railroad depot, a block away, a huge pane of plate glass was cracked and many slates were dislodged from the newly completed roof.

At the Bottom of a Gas Well.

Litchfield (Ill.) special to New York Tribune. This city was greatly excited Saturday over an occurrence that for a time was so inexplicable as to border on the supernatural. The drill used in boring for gas caught at a depth of 300 feet. When brought to the surface it was covered with blood. The amazed drillers instinctively leaped over the hole. They heard a dull, rumbling noise, and presently heard a sepulchral voice calling up to them: "You have killed somebody down here."

The horror-stricken men fled. They spread the news and the town was turned upside down in an hour. Hundreds went to the well and gazed open-mouthed at the bloody drill and mysterious cavity it had made. Not until late in the evening was the mystery solved by the presentation of a bill for \$50 by the Litchfield Coal Company "For one mule killed by drill." The coal company's mine extended under the gas company's territory, and the mule got in the way of the drill.

The Great Eiffel Tower in Paris will be finished by April 1. The tower stands at present 825 feet high and weighs 7,800 tons. Only 800 tons remain to be added. To approach the summit of the tower there will be three distinct kinds of elevators. Two will go to the first platform, two others to the second and another will move between the second and third platform in a vertical line. The whole trip will take five minutes and the elevators will be capable of taking up 750 persons an hour.

Philadelphia Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16, 1889.	
FLOUR AND MEAL.	
Minnesota clear,	\$4 25 to 5 00
Pennsylvania family,	5 00 to 5 25
Patent and other high grades,	6 00 to 6 75
Rye flour,	3 00 to 3 10
Feed,	\$16 00 to \$17 00 per ton.
GRAIN.	
Wheat—red,	97 to 1 07
Oats,	41 to 44
Corn,	32 to 35
PROVISIONS.	
Mess Pork,	15 00 to 15 50
Mess Beef,	9 50 to 10 50
Beef Hams,	13 50 to 14 00
Smoked hams, per pound,	11 to 11 1/2
Shoulders,	7 1/2 to 8 1/2
Lard,	15 to 30
Butter,	14 to 16
Eggs,	14 to 16
CATTLE.	
Milk Cows,	\$25 00 to \$35 00
Beef Cattle, extra, per pound,	5 1/2 to 5 3/4
" good,	4 3/4 to 5
" common,	4 1/2 to 4 3/4
Calves,	4 1/2 to 5
Sheep,	4 to 6
Lambs,	5 1/2 to 7 1/2
Hogs,	6 to 7 1/2
HAY.	
Average prices for the week ending Feb. 16, 1889.	
Prime Timothy,	\$ 90 to 95 @ 100 lbs.
Mixed,	" 80 to 90 "
Straw,	" 80 to 90 "

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ESTABLISHED 1845.

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Filled with dismay at the frequent and large shoe bills for his children he resolves to know why it is that his neighbor Mr. Wiseman succeeds; he learns from him the secret is buying the GENUINE "SOLAR TIP BOOTS."

—ALSO, FULL LINE OF—

Ladies' and Gents' Shoes!

Direct from Keystone Shoe Manufacturing Co. Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Freed's Celebrated Hand-made Shoes.

Sole Agent for Snag Proof Gum Boot, price \$2.75. Do. \$3.50 per pair and warranted to wear well.

DRY GOODS:

Large stock Cashmeres & Cottonades for spring. Beautiful shades of Tricot dress suitings, only 25 cts. yd., double width. Gingham, 4 yds. for 25c. All grades of Muslins and Canton Flannels. Bed Ticking, 12c. to 25c.

GROCERIES!

Maple Sugar Syrup, 50c. gal. Extra Baking Syrup, 40c. gal. 4 cans corn, 25c. 3 cans tomatoes, 25c. Choice evaporated peaches, 2 lbs. 25c. Valinella raisins, 3 lbs. 25c. Fresh Rolled Oats, 5 lbs. 25c. Try our choice Rio Coffee, only 25c. A handsome gift given away with every 1/2 lb. of Garden Flower Tea, 15c. quarter. Also large stock of wooden ware, tinware, drugs, oils, paints, hardware, and a specialty of fresh cement and calcined plaster.

W. P. FENTON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

21 Feb

KEYSTONE STORE!

For reasons of our own we have concluded to make a

Great Sweeping Sale

DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1889, IN

Dress Goods & Coats

Big Reductions. Rare Bargains!

DRESS GOODS:

Large lot of Satines reduced from 12 1/2 to 7c. per yard. Come and look at them.

Woolen Dress Goods have been 50c. We will close at 37 1/2c. per yard.

A large lot of Plaids reduced from 90 to 15c. per yard.

There will be other lots in this sale ranging from 7c. to 50c. per yard. Among these you may find many bargains.

A full line of New Goods at regular prices are being received.

Remnants of all kinds always on hand.

The above sale will continue for 30 days only.

COATS! COATS!

We want to make a clean sweep, and will sell at the lowest possible prices.

MORGAN WRIGHT,

Keystone Store, Main St., opp. Square, 10 Jan 3t

NORRISTOWN, PA.

THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED!

The undersigned has re-opened the old (Fry) Store Stand in upper part of Trappe, with a full variety of Store Goods and is prepared to accommodate the public in the best manner.

Dry Goods and Groceries

DRESS GOODS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, TABLE LINENS, TRIMMINGS, EDGINGS, &c.

Groceries in assortment, best qualities, all the time.

Queensware

—AND—

Crockeryware

Large Assortment, latest styles; Earthenware, Hardware—Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, &c., &c., &c.

—IN—

Boots & Shoes

For men, women and children, we defy competition in styles, prices and qualities. Examine our stock before making your purchases.

F. B. RUSHONG,

TRAPPE, PA.

ELEGANT PHOTOGRAPHS

CABINETS \$2 PER DOZ.

Chandler & Scheetz,

828 ARCH ST.

1433 Chestnut St.

PHILADELPHIA.

Opp. Young Men's Christian Association Building.

C. J. BUCKLEY'S!

A NEW MILE STONE IN THE WORLD OF TRADE.

AUTUMN.

The readers of this paper are doubtless thinking of making their winter purchases. We extend them an invitation to call and inspect our stock before they buy.

FLOOR -- OIL -- CLOTHS,

All widths—1 1/4, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 2, 2 1/4, 2 3/4 yards wide from 25c. yard. We have made a great reduction in

Cloths and Cassimeres.

Have about 32 pieces new winter styles, and are selling them at give-away prices. We are doing an unheard of business in

Flannels, Muslins, Blankets, Etc.

Are still handling that High Grade UNDERWEAR at Low Grade Prices. Just received a large invoice of Men's, Ladies' and Children's

GLOVES!

From Gloversville, N. Y., which we place on our counters at wholesale prices.

Gum Shoes, Boots, &c.

Are higher this year, but we are still selling them at last year's low prices. Ladies' and Children's Hoods and Caps; the latest styles in Men's and Boys' Soft and Stiff Hats.

We are offering special bargains in Queensware and Glassware. Decorated Tea Sets, 44 pieces, \$3.25, worth \$4. Decorated Toilet Sets, \$3.25, worth \$4. Second Floor, Room 2.

Just received a car load of Salt, and can give you low prices. Ground Salt, 200 lbs., 75c. sack. Fine Salt, large Sacks, \$1.00.

Groceries of all kinds, Patent Medicines, Extracts, &c. Hardware, Tinware, Wood and Willow-ware, Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass, Cement, Wheels, Rims, Shafts, Horse Shoes, &c., &c. Give us a call.

C. J. BUCKLEY,

P. O. Ironbridge. Rahm Station, Pa.

LARGELY

Increased Facilities!

—COLLEGEVILLE—

ROLLER MILLS!

PAIST BROS.,

PROPRIETORS.

We take pleasure in informing the public generally that, having erected a

LARGE -- WAREHOUSE

—AND—

A SIDE TRACK

—AT—

OUR MILLS!

We are now able to handle feed, grain, &c., with very little expense—and in large quantities.

We will always have on hand, and for sale at the very lowest prices, all kinds of

Feed, Grain, Fertilizers,

&c., &c., &c.

We can sell you a car load of Feed anytime, and you can haul it at your convenience.

No waiting for cars to arrive, and no unloading cars in double quick time.

In brief our facilities now are such as to enable us to carry a heavy stock of all kinds of feed, and to enable us to save time and money for our patrons as well as for ourselves.

As heretofore, highest cash prices will be paid for wheat and rye.

Wheat Wanted at All Times

40 Pounds High Grade Roller Flour

Exchanged for a Bushel of Good Wheat.

Special attention given to Grist Grinding.

We would be pleased to have a share of your patronage.

PAIST BROS., Collegeville, Pa.

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DENTAL SURGEON

The filling of Teeth with Gold, and Contour Work, Specialties.

GAS -- AND -- ELECTRICITY

—FOR THE—

PAINLESS EXTRACTION

OF TEETH.

= HARRISON =

Is elected. The other fellow is not. And this glorious country is once more saved from its perils. Had Cleveland been elected, and the other fellow left, the country would be safe all the same. Nevertheless there is going to be a change in the Administration of Uncle Sam's affairs, but there will be no change in the

Store at Providence Square.

We expect to remain here, and by fair and honest dealing and living margins, we will hope to accommodate our patrons and increase our trade. Come and see us.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS,

PROVIDENCE SQUARE.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

CULBERT'S

COUGH SYRUP for Colds, Croup, Coughs, &c.

LINIMENT, for Sprains, Burns, Frosted Feet, &c.

WORM SYRUP, Pleasant, Safe and Effectual.

CAMPHOR CREAM, a sure remedy for Chapped-Hands and Face, and Pains on

Chest resulting from Colds.

VANDERSLICE'S SPAIN CURE, an Effectual Remedy.

SACHLO, for Removing Grease, Paint, &c., from clothing. Old Fashioned Palm Soap for Chapped and Rough Hands, making them smooth and soft. Absolutely Pure Black Pepper and other Spices. Prime Sweet Marjoram. Best Head-light Oil, 150° fire test.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

The Season has not been cold enough to create a demand large enough to exhaust our supply of COATS and WRAPS, so now we give a reason to buy despite the weather by a

20 -- PER CENT. REDUCTION -- 20

—ON ALL OUR—

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

CLOAKS, -- MANTLES, -- WRAPS, --

NEWMARKETS, RAGLANS, JACKETS,

Seal Plush Coats,

Seal Plush Jackets.

These are all this season's stock, being the latest fashions, best styles and perfect in workmanship. It is the best chance to secure seasonable garments at nominal prices.

Early callers will have the best choice of sizes, styles and materials. Come before the supply is picked over.

I. H. BRENDLINGER,

LEADING DEALER IN DRY GOODS, TRIMMINGS AND CARPETS,

MAMMOTH STORES,

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EAST - MAIN - STREET,

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Fall & Winter Season!

Beaver & Shellenberger,

Have a Larger Assortment of Goods than Ever Before and at Lower Prices. Call and be convinced.

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